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P O E M:

IN A
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TO A
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Occasion'd

By the Arrival of Her Royal Highness

THE

Princess of Wales.

*Nam si Virgilio puer, & tolerabile desit
Hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus Hydri.*

Juvenal.

By Mr. Gay, Author of the *Shepherd's Week*.

The Third Edition.

D U B L I N:

Re-printed by Daniel Tompson in Cole's-Alley, Castle-
Street. 1714.

OF
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A LETTER to a LADY, Occasion'd by
the Arrival of Her Royal Highness the
Princess of WALES, &c.

MADAM, to all your Censures I submit,
And frankly own I should long since have writ:
You told me, Silence would be thought a Crime,
And kindly strove to tease me into Rhyme:
No more let trifling Themes your Muse employ,
Nor lavish Verse to paint a female Toy;
No more on Plains with rural Damsels sport,
But sing the Glories of the British Court.

By your Commands and Inclination sway'd,
I call'd th' unwilling Muses to my Aid;
Resolv'd to write, the Noble Theme I chose,
And to the PRINCESS thus the Poem rose.

MUSE, fly the Shades, the Sylvan Song forbear,
And Pipe no more to please the Shepherd's Ear.
Aid me, bright Phoebus, aid, ye Sacred Nymphs,
Exalt my Genius, and my Verses refine.
Accept, illustrious Fair, my grateful Song;
To you my Duty and my Lays belong;
My Strains with CAROLINA's Name I grace,
The Lovely Parent of our Royal Race.
Breathe soft, ye Winds, ye Waves in silence sleep;
Let prosperous Breezes mantle o'er the Deep,
Just swell the Sails, and with the Streamers play,
To waft her gently o'er the watry Way. Here

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No more on Plains with rural Damsels sport,
But sing the Glories of the British Court.

By your Commands and Inclination sway'd,
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Resolv'd to write the Noble Theme I chose,
And to the PRINCESS thus the Poem rose.

MUSE, fly the Shades, the Sylvan Song forbear,
And Pipe no more to please the Shepherd's Ear.
Aid me, bright Phoebus, aid, ye Sacred Nine,
Exalt my Genius, and my Verses refine.
Accept, illustrious Fair, my grateful Song;
To you my Duty and my Lays belong;
My Strains with CAROLINA's Name I grace,
The Lovely Parent of our Royal Race.
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Let prosperous Breezes mantle o'er the Deep,
Just swell the Sails, and with the Streamers play,
To waft her gently o'er the watry Way. Here

Here I to *Neptune* form'd a pompous Pray'r,
 To rein the Winds, and guard the Royal Fair;
 Bid the blue *Tritons* sound their twisted Shells,
 And call'd the *Nereids* from their pearly Cells.

Thus my warm Zeal had drawn the Muse along,
 Yet knew no Method to conduct her Song:
 I then resolv'd some Model to pursue,
 Perus'd *French Criticks*, and began anew.
 Long open Panegyrick drags at best,
 And Praise is only Praise when well address'd.

Strait, *Horace* for some lucky Ode I sought,
 And all along I trac'd him Thought by Thought:
 This new Performance to a Friend I show'd;
 For shame, says he, what? imitate an Ode!
 I'd rather Ballads write, and *Grubstreet* Lays,
 Than pillage *Cesar* for my Patron's Praise:
 One common Fate all Imitators share,
 To save Minte-Pyes, and cap the Grocer's Ware.
 Vex'd at the Charge, I to the Flames commit
 Rhymes, Similies, Lords Names, and Ends of Wit;
 In blotted Stanza's Scraps of Odes expire,
 And Fustian mounts in Pyramids of Fire.

LADIES, to you I next inscrib'd my Lay,
 And writ a Letter in familiar Way:
 For still impatient till the Princess came,
 You from Description wish'd to know the Dame.
 Each Day my pleasing Labour larger grew,
 For still new Graces open'd to my View.

Twelve

Twelve Lines ran on to introduce the Theme,
And then I thus pursu'd the growing Scheme.

BEAUTY and Wit were sure by Nature join'd,
And Charms are Emanations of the Mind;
The Soul transpiercing through the shining Frame,
Forms all the Graces of the Princely Dame:
Benevolence her Conversation guides,
Smiles on her Cheek, and in her Eyes resides,
Such Harmony upon her Tongue is found,
As softens English to Italian Sound:
Yet in those Sounds such Sentiments appear.
As charm the Judgment while they sooth the Ear.

Such pure Religion in her Bosom reign'd,
For that, Imperial Crowns she once disdain'd;
The cheerful Flame her Heart with Transport warms,
Calms all her Hours, and brightens all her Charms.
Henceforth, ye Fair, at Chappel mind your Pray'rs,
Nor catch your Lovers Eyes with artful Airs;
Restrain your Looks, kneel more, and whisper less,
Nor most devoutly criticize on Dress.

From Her form all your Characters of Life,
The tender Mother, and the faithful Wife.
Oft have I seen her little Infant Train,
The lovely Promise of a future Reign;
Observ'd with Pleasure ev'ry dawning Grace,
And all the Mother op'ning in their Face:
The Son shall add new Honours to the Line,
And early with Paternal Vertues shine.

When

*When he the Tale of Audenard repeats,
 His little Heart with Emulation beats;
 With Conquests yet to come his Bosom glows,
 He dreams of Triumphs and of vanquish'd Foer.
 Each Tear with Arts shall store his ripning Brain,
 And from his Grandfire he shall learn to reign.*

Thus far I'd gone: The Wind with prosp'rous Gales
 Now bids the Sailor hoist the swelling Sails.
 Fair *CAROLINA* Lands, the Cannons Sound
 White *Albion's* Cliffs from shore to shore rebound.
 Behold the bright Original appear,
 All Praise is faint when *CAROLINA's* near.
 Thus to the Nation's Joy, but Poet's Cost,
 The Princess came, and my new Plan was lost.

Since all my Schemes were baulk'd, my last Resort,
 I left the Muses to frequent the Court;
 Pensive, each Night from Room to Room I walk'd,
 To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;
 Enquir'd what News, or such a Lady's Name,
 And did the next Day, and the next the same
 Places, I found, were daily giv'n away,
 And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd Gay:
 I ask'd a Friend, what Method to pursue,
 He cry'd, I want a Place as well as you;
 Another ask'd me, why I had not writ:
 A Poet owes his Fortune to his Wit.
 Strait I reply'd, With what a courtly Grace
 Flows easy Verse from him that has a Place!

Had

Had *Virgil* ne'er at Court improv'd his Strains,
 He still had sung of Flocks and homely Swains;
 And had not *Morace* sweet Preferment found,
 The *Roman* Lyre had never learnt to sound.

Once Ladies fair in homely Guise I sung,
 And with their Names wild Woods and Mountains
 Oh, teach me now to strike a softer Strain! Arung.
 The Court refines the Language of the Plain.

You must, cries one, the Ministry rehearse,
 And with each Patriot's Name prolong your Verse.
 But sure this Truth to Poets should be known,
 That praising all alike, is praising none.

Another told me, if I wish'd Success,
 To some distinguish'd Lord I must address;
 One whose high Virtues speak his noble Blood,
 One always zealous for his Country's Good;
 Where Valour and strong Eloquence unite,
 In Council cautious, resolute in Fight;
 Whose gen'rous Temper prompts him to defend,
 And patronize the Man that wants a Friend.
 You have, 'tis true, the noble Patron shown;
 But I, alas! am to the world unknown.

Still ev'ry one I met in this agreed,
 That Writing was my Method to succeed;
 But now Preferments so possess'd my Brain,
 That since I could produce a single Strain:
 Indeed I sometimes hammer'd out a Line,
 Without Composition as without Design.

One

One Morn upon the Princess this I writ,
An Epigram that boasts more Truth than Wit.

The Pomp of Titles easy Faith might shake,
She scorn'd an Empire for Religion's sake:
For this, on Earth the British Crown is giv'n,
And an Immortal Crown decreed in Heav'n.

Again, while GEORGE's Virtues rais'd my Thought,
The following Lines prophetick Fancy wrought.

Metaphors I see some Bard whose heav'nly Rage
Shall rise in Song, and warm a future Age:
Looks back thro' Time, and rapt in wondrous trace
The glorious Series of the Brunswick Race.

From the first GEORGE these Godlike Kings descend,
A Line which only with the World shall end.

Thou wast a generous Prince renown'd in Arms,
And blest in long, blest in CAROLINA's Charms:
From These the rest. 'Tis thus scarce in Peace.

We plow the Fields, and reap the Year's Increase;
Refar'd from Armes, the Land no longer grieves
Beneath the Gaster of devouring Hoans.

Now Commerce, wealthy Goddess, rears her Head,
And bids Britannia's Fleets their Canvass spread:
Unnumber'd Ships the peopled Ocean hide,
And Wealth returns with each revolving Tide.

Here pat's'd the Tullen Muses in haste I dress'd,
And through the Croud of needy Courtiers press'd:
Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see I
Those Eyes that glad a Nation, shun on me.

END

F I N I S.



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